

PS 991

.C3 C5

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00002965136





THE CHAPLET,

3367

1416

A COLLECTION OF POEMS,

BY

E. H. C.

“And ever as he went, some thoughtful note he sung.”

EDITED BY

REV. HENRY D. MOORE.



PHILADELPHIA:

F. C. WILSON, 18 ARCADE, WEST AVENUE.

1846.

PS991
C3 C5

MERRIHEW & THOMPSON, Printers,
No. 7 Carter's Alley.

CONTENTS.

Introductory,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7
The Mountains,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	13
The old Battery,		-	-	-	-	-	-	16
To Elizabeth,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	20
Address,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	23
Child,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	26
I'll Never Forget,		-	-	-	-	-	-	28
A Sabbath on the Lake,		-	-	-	-	-	-	31
Mount Vernon,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	33
The Bird of the Billow,		-	-	-	-	-	-	35
To William Orville Duvall,		-	-	-	-	-	-	36
The South Land,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	39
Song,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	43
Farmer's Nooning,		-	-	-	-	-	-	44
To those who Err,		-	-	-	-	-	-	46
To Cassius M. Clay,		-	-	-	-	-	-	48
The Minstrel and the Sleeper,			-	-	-	-	-	49
Flower Leaves from Egglesfield,				-	-		-	52
Song,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	55
Tell me of Florida,		-	-	-	-	-	-	57
The Imprisoned Abolitionists,			-	-	-	-	-	60
Lord Guy's Tower,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	62
Thoughts,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	66

NOTE.

Prompted by the remembrance of youthful days—pleasing and cheering ; blest still with the glow of earlier associations—fond and unfading—we are glad to throw out upon the wave of time these buds and flowers—fragrant and promising—culled from the garden-mind of one, whom we have

Long known—much loved.

Little, if any thing, need be said of them. If they will not speak for themselves—in the humble, quiet tone of unassuming verse—let none speak for them. But, in the silence of the heart of the lover of Poetry, they *will* speak. They are the 'offspring of the early time—the youthful heart. They were written in leisure moments—the mind's pastime, the fancy's holiday, the soul's retreat—with no thought at all of their ever being published in the present form. They are now given to the world—as flower-leaves are given, by the wind, to the wave—to float along the stream of life—now on the sunny ripple, and now hid in its darkened wave, to be borne away. And if, perchance, their fragrance may greet the wanderer along by the banks, let him delight therein—it is the fragrance of the heart.

H. D. M.

Philadelphia, July, 1846.

INTRODUCTORY.

However desolate and dark with woe,
The mind, in Nature's time of chill, may be ;
Where beats the heart that warms not in the glow,
Far spread revivingly on flower and tree ?
When the Spring dresses flutter in our streets,
And eyes and roses glance through many a pane,
And smiles adorn each face the passer meets,
Who would not live, and love, and be beloved again ?

And if the haunts of men we may forsake,
Awhile to linger where the woods unfold
Their fresh and trembling verdure by the brake,
Whose every object wears a beauteous mould—
To lean upon some brown and mossy root,
With fern, and violets, and white blossoms near ;
If thus we loiter, reverently and mute,
Our joy we must express in smile or holier tear.

At such an hour we dream of other days ;
And beings half defined, and pale, are there,
Whose dearest words of well remembered praise,
Blend, whispering in the music-haunted air.
Their words are living—shall corrosion fall
In utter strength on all the flowers *we* twine ?
Will friends entomb us, failing to recall
A kindly word, or look, or love-suggested line ?

For what do we exist, if not to light
Affection's lamp, and bear it as we move ;
And all-confiding through the longest night,
Our fast allegiance unto goodness prove.
To say the gentlest words that tongue may speak,
And glory only in the kindest deeds ?
'Tis thus alone that earth may seem less bleak,
For even then alas ! our brightest flowers are weeds.

Oh ! I have longed impatiently to sleep
Within my grandsire's humble place of rest,
Where sounds like those I listen to, might sweep
Through flowery vines and mosses, o'er my breast.
For when the world is fairest, and the soul
Enfranchised, undeluded, pure, and glad,
I would embark : if I should stay, the roll
Of lighted waves may be again in darkness clad.

Yet seems it pleasant here to be alone ;
But less inspiring far than when I feel
A true heart keeping measure with my own,
A heart enshrining me in woe or weal.
There is a hand that does not shrink from mine :
There is a voice that bids me rise and live :
An eye whose drooping shade or tearful shine,
For earth's unvalued wealth of mines I would not give.

Oh ! sweet as sorrow for the early dead,
Dear lady, are my thoughts and dreams of thee ;
When passions die, and seem forever fled,
Thou glidest near and I am almost free.
For thee I'll struggle with the strong and dark,
And burst my chrysalis, and rise on high,
And speed me onward towards a glittering mark ;
I *may* progressive be, and wherefore should I die.

With fear and hesitation do I cast,
For thee, and those I love and venerate,
This chaplet on the waters eddying past,
Without surmising what may be its fate.
Its leaves and buds are from the wildest dells ;
And groped in carelessness ; but if the tide
Should bear them gently, as it falls and swells,
They may attain that shore where smiles are not denied.

When o'er some faultless, deathless page I glance,
And catch the mighty thought, the bold, the true,
I keenly feel the insignificance
Of aught I am, and all that I may do.
But then for patronage, or pelf, or place,
I have not written ; therefore I possess
The treasure—Independence—and I face
Adventure's realm ; nor heed if it may blight or bless.

P O E M S .

THE MOUNTAINS.

THE Mountains! the Mountains! a song to the
Mountains ;

Where Nature's dominion for ever prevails ;
Where the scream of the eagle, in solitudes regal,
Is borne like a clarion blast on the gales.

Oh ! the vale-rose is sweet in its balm-laden air,
But the mountain-reared laurel is blooming as fair ;

And its delicate hue,
In the crystalline dew,
Redeemingly softens the loneliness there.

The Mountains! the Mountains! the storm-braving
Mountains !—

They rise from the Hudson's magnificent tide,
Far up in the azure, like visions of pleasure,
To bask in the day-beam, the tempest to bide.

Encircling the vale of Wyoming, they seem
Like ramparts of emerald adorning a dream :

Receding in mist,

The horizon is kissed,

'Til mantled and mingled they fade in its gleam.

The Mountains ! the Mountains ! the fire-lifted Moun-
tains !

Oh, who could behold them, nor rise from the dust,

To spurn the proud tyrant, the vaunting aspirant,

As spurns the rock tower the hurricane gust ?

Oh, who could behold them, nor dare to be free,

And proclaim that the mainland and isles of the
sea,

From tropic to pole,

By the might of the soul,

Eternally rescued from thralldom should be ?

The Mountains ! the Mountains ! a sigh for the Moun-
tains,

Alone I have roamed through their wilds in the
morn,

When my spirit was light as the vapour whose flight
Revealed all their summits in splendor new-born.
And now, when the spectres of bliss are no more,
And the last of my dreamings perchance may be o'er,
I sigh for the mountains,
Where gush the bright fountains,
And where, like a child, I might gaze and adore.

THE OLD BATTERY.

I rest upon a grassy mound,
A circling wall of rain-worn clay ;
And list to every gentle sound
That breaks the stillness of the day.
Industrial clamours sweep along,
But all are melted into song.

Yes, peaceful as the climes of light
That happy dreamers fondly paint,
Sleeps every scene beneath my sight ;
As free from gloom as void of taint ;
And cool winds from the Chesapeake
Fan out the warm fire in my cheek.

And monumental towers arise
Above yon city's peopled hills,
And spire and fane in solemn guise,
Point upward when the tumult stills.

Beneath them moves a concourse vast,
Of every hue, and clime, and caste.

Patapsco's trembling bosom gives
Ten thousand sparkles to the sun ;
Oh! sure a Neriad's spirit lives,
And leaps and smiles in every one :
And sings a hymn of gladness o'er,
To nodding leaves along the shore.

But yonder, yonder, floating wide,
O'er many a watery league afar,
Where Heaven bends down to kiss the tide,
And sky and bay united are,
And pearly vested clouds attend,
Their cheering bridal smiles to lend—

Fair ships, from many a distant land,
Their glorious white wings plume and spread ;
And, gently by the sea-winds fanned,
Traverse their haven, like shrouded dead ;
A scene like this I would not leave
For aught the enthusiast's brain could weave.

Not always hath the daylight smile,
Of peace and love found shelter here ;
'There was a dark and dreary while,
When warriors saw invaders near,
And hurled to yonder sapphire wave
The iron answer of the brave.

'Twas midnight, and a sable pall
Was hovering over flood and earth,
When from this old embattled wall
A blinding glare of fire rolled forth ;
And when it ceased, and all was shade,
Low death-groans told the work it made.

Oh say, my country, was thine arm
Uplifted for thyself alone ?
And dost thou deem that Freedom's charm
From Heaven to Earth in mercy flown,
Is meant for one peculiar race,
And destined for one chosen place ?

And when thy banner triumphed here,
And victory crowned yon fortress strong,*
Was it that thou might'st crush and sear
The helpless, with thy brand of wrong—
That thou might'st clasp and guard the shame
That darkens round oppression's name?

Or wilt thou lift a God-like brow
Whereon the star of Freedom burns ;
While fleet the mists that hide it now,
And pure thy ancient faith returns ;
And give to all beneath the sun
The radiance thou thyself hast won ?

Baltimore, October, 1845.

* Fort McHenry

TO ELIZABETH.

These lines were elicited by the sudden death of ELIZABETH H. COX.

When last we met, amidst a throng
 Of faces, robed in pleasure's light,
 The careless laugh, the joyous song
 Too swiftly bade the hours take flight.
 Ah, thou wert gladly smiling there,
 And little of thy fate we knew ;
 But never more our joys thou'lt share—
 Adieu, Elizabeth, adieu.

Fair, childish hands have lain a rose,
 The flower of beauty, on thy breast,
 And such is thy serene repose,
 That moveless every leaf doth rest.
 Thy brow is cold, and very pale,
 Beneath thy hair of sable hue,
 And eyes are dim, and voices wail—
 Adieu, Elizabeth, adieu.

The winds were rude, the rain was chill,
And dark thy grave, and drear to see,
But there we left thee, lone and still,
And every one deserted thee.
Away, for ever, wast thou torn,
When hopes were bright, and cares were few,
And life's soft mantle lightly worn—
Adieu, Elizabeth, adieu.

Oh ! Heaven to-night—is Heaven indeed,—
The moon in glory floats on high ;
No shades obscure, no mists impede
The star-beams burning through the sky :
And dost thou know how fair it seems ?
Where has thy spirit wandered to ?
Wilt meet us in our midnight dreams?—
Adieu, Elizabeth, adieu.

Above thy undistinguished grave
The vine may weave its summer green ;
And clouds shed many a tear, to lave
Thy couch, forgotten and unseen ;

And who would break thy peaceful sleep,
What breath the life-fire would renew,
Or call thee back perchance to weep?—
Adieu, Elizabeth, adieu.

No : there are sad survivors here,
Whose hearts would be at rest with thine,
Ere every leaf of bliss be sear,
And all, save bitterness, decline.
Then wherefore weep to leave thee thus ;
Are not thy heavens of stormless blue ?
Oh smile, dear sister, smile on us—
Adieu, Elizabeth, adieu.

ADDRESS ;

INSCRIBED TO THE BROTHERS OF CRYSTAL FOUNT DIVISION,
AND THE ORDER OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Brothers—when the glow of day
Fades on pave, and roof, and spire,
And the darkness rolls away
All the ruby western fire ;
Gather, gather ; it is sweet,
In our dazzling hall to meet.

Spearman—guard the door-way well,
When our lofty rites begin ;
Who would break the holy spell,
Circling us from shame and sin ?
Gather, gather ; it is sweet,
In our dazzling hall to meet.

Our regalia glances white
As the sea-birds sunlit wing ;
We are glad when all unite,
Our ennobling odes to sing.
Gather, gather ; it is sweet
In our dazzling hall to meet.

Weeper—in yon den of wo—
Hast thou neither friends, nor joy ?
Come with us ; and thou shalt know
Who would bless thee, who destroy.
Gather, gather ; it is sweet,
In our dazzling hall to meet.

Though our foe has proudly stood,
Soon his strength shall crumble down,
Where—in secret doing good—
Sweeps our glorious Order on.
Gather, gather ; it is sweet,
In our dazzling hall to meet.

Brothers—while there's light above,
Woes to soothe, or souls to free,
Sound the sacred watchwords, "Love,
Purity, Fidelity."
Gather, gather ; it is sweet,
In our dazzing hall to meet.

“CHILD.”

On the northern shore of the Neshamony creek, just above its mouth, and near the residence of my friends H. and E. Palmer, is the grave of a child, whose parents were too poor to give it one in a burial ground. The father has carved, with his own hand, on a stone above it, in rude letters, the word “CHILD.”

Beside Neshamony's margin wild,
Is the lonely grave of a little child :
No monumental pillars rise
In snow-like grandeur, toward the skies ;
No mausoleum, gleaming white,
In sculptured beauty, greets the sight,
Nor lengthened epitaphs proclaim
The glories of the sons of Fame.
One simple, unhewn stone, is there,
 Beneath fair April's budding rod,
To show the mute inquirer, where
 A child lies hidden by the sod ;
And close beside, in spring-time fair,
 Perchance a few wild flowrets nod.

The overclouded, tear-fraught skies ;
 Neshamony's waves, that swollen rise ;
 And the storm-struck bird, that homeward flies,
 Are the only mourners over thee :
 But, though the tempest howl forlorn
 At midnight, over leaf and thorn,
 Disturbed thou wilt not be :
 As motionless, and mute, thou art,
 As those beneath cathedral aisles,
 Who played on earth a mighty part,
 And called their own, those palace piles.
 As calmly dost thou rest alone,
 As waves forsaken by the gale,
 Beneath that rude erected stone,
 At smiling morn, or evening pale.

I'LL NEVER FORGET.

Farewell ! to the wilds of the North I wend

My way, from the street and dome,

I am bidding adieu unto many a friend,

And my humble but happy home.

The trees are in blossom, the birds are in tune,

And the verdure with bright dew is wet ;

But though green be the woodland, and cloudless the
noon,

My HOME I will never forget.

Farewell to the comrades with whom I have kneeled,

At the fountain of learning to sip,

When the long hidden thoughts of the soul were
revealed,

And thrilled on the tremulous lip.

Though my ear be entranced by the orator's word,

In the halls where the mighty have met,

To the southward my spirit shall roam like a bird—

The MATHETEAN I'll never forget.

Farewell to the group that assembles at eve,
Refinement and friendship to share ;
For a season your smiles and your music I leave,
But often I'll sigh to be there :
I can never return you the treasures I hold,
I can only acknowledge the debt,
And though maidens are round me with tresses of
gold,
The CIRCLE I'll never forget.

Farewell to the faithful, the true, and the free,
Whose spirit-swords gleam in the sun ;
Though youthful, and weak, and despised, ye may be,
A host shall be vanquished by one.
Battle on, and the foe of our country shall die,
By the children of Freedom beset,
And the anthem of victory echo on high ;—
The JUNIORS I'll never forget.

Farewell to the friends who will ever be dear,
Be the sunshine or tempest above,
Though lonely, and distant, sweet sounds I will hear,
From the city of brotherly love.

And soon I will seek to re-visit you there,
But should life's fickle meteor set
In the realms of eternity, fadeless and fair,
Your kindness I'll never forget.

Newtown, Pa., May, 1844.

A SABBATH ON THE LAKE.

Light hearted and free, o'er this beautiful lake,
Our shallop we guide by the green mantled brake ;
We breathe the pure air, and each moment enjoy,—
No fears to alarm us, no cares to annoy.

The blossoms of June scatter sweetness around,
And the forests are vocal with many a sound ;
The chirp of the insect, the rivulet's gush,
The bleat of the lamb, or the song of the thrush.

The waters are deep, and their tint is of green,
And they roll over caves where no diver hath been,
And the spirits that haunt them appear not in day,
By the moonlight alone, on the surface they play.

Yon edifice rears o'er the village its spire,
And worshippers gather in costly attire,
To hear of the torments eternal that wait,
On those who are false to the church or the state.

Or to learn that the God who resideth afar,
Came down to establish oppression and war ;
And to feel, while their bosoms are gloomy the while,
'Tis sin on the Lord's holy Sabbath to smile.

Oh God!—is it crime in thy children, to look
On Earth's sunny surface—thy wide opened book—
And discern, on its pages of verdure and flood,
Thy holiest teachings, thy lessons of good?

Away with the falsehood, the legendry dark ;
Our hearts shall be light as the wing of the lark,
And often we'll bask, on our way to the grave,
In the light that now flingeth its gold on the wave.

Lake Skaneatales, June 2d, 1844.

MOUNT VERNON.

The locust's cry, prolonged and loud ;
The leaf that whispers to the cloud ;
The blackbird's glee, the low voiced bee,
I hear upon Mount Vernon.

Frail vines, in Autumn's crimson dress,
The long dead limbs in love caress ;
Their restless shade, is softly laid,
On thy green side, Mount Vernon.

The flowers have deepened in their hues,
A balmier gale the forest woos,
And as I pass, the bending grass
Weeps brightly on Mount Vernon.

Through vistas in the sunlit green,
Potomac's silvery plain is seen ;
And far, wild shores, the eye explores,
That gazes from Mount Vernon.

A pillared mansion, old and white,
Attracts the passing sailor's sight,
When morning's first, effulgent burst,
Shines gladly on Mount Vernon.

This lone tomb holds a people's sire:
The ashes cold, whose smothered fire,
—That lightened here, a World to cheer,—
No longer lights Mount Vernon.

What sound is this beside his grave?
It is the dull tread of a slave!
Thy sainted sod, alas, is trod
By vassal feet, Mount Vernon.

Well, rest it so: the time may be,
When clarion tongues shall summon thee,
To break again the welded chain,—
Lost spirit of Mount Vernon.

Mount Vernon, October, 1845.

THE BIRD OF THE BILLOW.

Come hither, lone bird, o'er thy prairie of tides,
 Whose hillocks roll by with their flowrets of foam;
 When the tempest arises, and when it subsides,
 Thou art still on the wing driven out from thy home.
 No leaflet to shelter thine eye from the sun,
 No cliff to avert from thy plumage the blast,
 Thy flight, in the morning so proudly begun,
 Is pursued till the night shadows round thee are cast.

Oh! I am a rover, a pilgrim, like thee;
 By the gales of necessity hurried along,
 Now chilled by the roar and the gloom of the sea,
 And revelling now in its sparkle and song.
 And oh! if my spirit as bravely as thine,
 Shall encounter the perils that darken its way,
 When the death-shade is deep, and the gleam cannot
 shine,
 Untroubled I'll die with the lustre of day.

Chesapeake Bay, 1845.

TO WILLIAM ORVILLE DUVALL,

Cayuga county, New York.

Chieftain of the lone green Isle,
Still upon my heart are wrought,
Orville's name, and Orville's smile,
Though perchance he knows it not :
Still before my vision gleams
The light of solitary streams ;
Senaca's elm-shaded foam,
Clear Owasco's diamond tide,
That around thy distant home,
In their peaceful beauty glide.
Where the water lilies blow,
Some of gold, and some of snow,
The fringe of sheltering green below :
When our paddle crushed the gems,
Fragrance floated from their stems,
And the startled wild duck flew,
Swiftly, from our stranger view.

Lovely children—do ye seek
For “Indian darts,” along the shore ?
And do you ever think, or speak,
Of him who roamed with you the islet o’er ;
But who may never know such hours
Again, among your woodland flowers ?

“ When shall we three meet again,”
Who floated in the old canoe,
Singing Liberty songs amain,
Until our gaily chanted strain
Died, along the lighted blue ?
Boding thoughts forewarn me, never ;
But, though far from you I wander,
Gratefully, and deeply, ever,
On your kindness will I ponder.

Island Chieftain ! ever blest
Be the spot where thou dost rest :
The lordling on his breast may wear
The regal star, for gold may win it ;

On thine, 'tis true, no stars appear,

But nobleness abides within it.

And for thee, and such as thee,

“Nature’s true nobility,”

Shall the glorious title be.

THE SOUTH LAND.

Oh! who would not dwell in the sunny South Land?
 With its flowers ever blooming o'er mountain and
 strand,

With its roses that bend to the wind's gentle sigh,
 And its violets unnumbered wherever we tread;

With its white-leaf'd magnolias expanding on high,
 And its blossoming bowers of orange outspread.

And hark to the music, enchantingly bland,
 That rings o'er the fields of that sun-lighted land;

From the gay-feathered warblers unceasingly borne,
 And murmured by streamlets whose waves glide afar,

And laugh the proud ice-monarch's breathings to
 scorn,

As they sparkle and leap o'er their crystalline bar.

How high and majestic the palm-trees, that stand
 Like sentinels, guarding the sunny South Land:

They pillar a dome of the exquisite blue,
Where the clouds that sweep over its radiant expanse
May rival the rainbow in splendour of hue,
And fling a new glory the eye to entrance.

There are gems on the bosom, and gold in the sand,
And pearls 'neath the wave, of that beautiful land.

And the music that rolls from her votaries of song,
'The incense breathed out from her myriads of flowers,
And the brightness that gleams all her waters along,
Might rejoice other worlds more ethereal than ours.

'Twas thus I had murmured; when fancy's light
hand

Bore me swiftly away to that far-distant land.

And I stood in the midst of her glorious scenes;
I breathed her perfume, and her melody heard;

And gazed up to her lofty and dark evergreens,
As their tremulous leaflets the wild zephyr stirred.

But, alas! I beheld, o'er the scenery grand,
A mildew, that shrouded the sunny South Land;

And a moan of despondency burdened the air,
The wail of the mother, bereft of her child,
While the shrieking of childhood arose in despair,
By the touch of the trader, debased and defiled.

For, bending in dread to the tyrant's command,
There were millions of *slaves* in that flower-gemmed
land.

And the verdure grew withering, the brilliancy fled,
All the melody died in the clanking of chains,
And a gloom gathered round me, appalling and dread,
For the curse of the bondman was blighting her plains.

And I turned from the fagot, the scourge, and the
brand,
Which the fiend of Oppression had spread through
the land.

And I said, "Though the fields of my own Northern
home
Lose their flow'rets and blossoms when Winter ap-
pears ;

O'er her bleak, snowy hill-sides, I glory to roam,
For they rise, unpolluted by tyrants, or tears ;
And her sons by stern despots are never unmann'd,
For the Angel of Liberty smiles o'er the land."

SONG.

I strolled by the Schuylkill, when twilight had woven
Her shadowing veil over water and strand ;
Dim crags were beside me, all tide-washed and cloven,
And reeds bent and whispered, by river winds
fanned.

The fever that flushed on my forehead retreated,
The spirit that troubled my bosom withdrew ;
While Hope, all her sparkling illusions repeated,
And Fancy her bright tinted robe o'er me threw.

I heard the discourse of the tree-frog and cricket,
The splash of bright fins by the shore caught my ear,
And far from the distance, o'er meadow and thicket,
The waterfall's chime through the twilight fell clear.
And feebly the stars threw the smile of their beaming,
But o'er the still landscape the full moon arose,
And wrapped all my senses in exquisite dreaming,
In visions, though mournful, how full of repose.

FARMER'S NOONING.

This poem was written to describe an engraving in a popular periodical. The last stanza was stricken out by the publisher, and another substituted, the reason of which, the reader may conjecture from the character of the verse.

The harvesting hours have come once more,
And though hard be our labour, we've toiled before,
And scythe and rake we'll merrily wield,
Till shorn of its green is the harvest field.

A deluge of heat the sun pours down,
And sweat-drops roll from our temples brown;
Yet we are as free from the chains of care,
As the breeze that floats to our bosoms bare.

And here we are taking our noon-tide rest;
No princes ever could be more blest;
The shade is cool, and on speedy wing
The birds have come in the boughs to sing.

Old Simon is taking a nap at his ease,
Where he thought that nothing would come to teaze,
But his features are twisted about so queer,
He surely must dream there's "a flea in his ear."

And Lizzie is tripping it down the lane,
Her basket is filled with good cheer again ;
With a day-dawn cheek, and a soft blue eye,
And her silken hair, she is hastening nigh.

To the shadowy wood near by she'll go,
To the spring where the spotted lilies grow ;
She'll bend as *they* do over its brink,
And bring us away an icy drink.

Ho ! despots—keep to your mansions fair,
And bid your vassals attend you there ;
But give us our toil, and the shade of our tree,
No slaves are ours, no slaves are we.

TO THOSE WHO ERR.

What language can picture
The conflict within,
When Truth, for dominion,
Is striving with sin ?

When Heaven's fair radiance
Alternately shines,
And retires from the darkness
Of shame's dreary mines.

When the pure resolution
Withstands not the blow
Of that passion which springs
From its cavern of wo.

Springs up with a subtle
And desperate force,
And sweeps like a flood
O'er the bounds of its course.

Kind spirits attend thee
When thou art beset,
And shield thee from all
The dark fiends thou hast met.

For whenever temptation
O'er masters thy vow,
Behold, thou art fallen ;
There's dust on thy brow.

Thy name is dishonored,
Thy story unheard,
And they will assail thee
Who *never have erred*.

Thy friends will forsake thee,
And, hurrying by,
Leave thee wildly to wander,
Or lonely to die.

TO CASSIUS M. CLAY.

“ God and Liberty !” bear it on,
Amid the terrible sulphur cloud,
That dims the light of Freedom’s sun,
And hovering, whelms thee like a shroud.

“ God and Liberty !” there it gleams,
Beautiful as the heaven at morn,
When night retires o’er vales and streams,
Abashed to gaze on her standard torn.

“ God and Liberty !” tyrant cheeks
Are pale wherever its lightning falls ;
And gloriously its power bespeaks,
The overthrow of their strongest walls.

“ God and Liberty !” on your hills,
And by your desolate mammoth caves,
Oh, furl it never, till wildly thrills
The jubilee song of your ransomed slaves.

THE MINSTREL AND THE SLEEPER.

We were sitting in the parlour, it was darkened, it
was still,
For every foot moved quietly that passed above the
sill,
And every sentence uttered there was half suppressed
and low,
'Twas the same apartment where we met a few brief
months ago,
Where we shared the social festival, or joined the
bridal throng,
Where the evenings sped rejoicingly in merriment and
song.
But we gathered now in thoughtfulness and silence
every one,
For the household had been visited by Him who
spareth none.

And the hand that held the pencil, or touched the
yielding key,
The eye that in the genial band proclaimed a spirit
free,
The life-invested frame that loved so well the wave
and wood,
And the mind with beauty haunted, were all alike
subdued.
In a room above he* rested, in his cold unbreathing
sleep,
And the floods of thought within our souls were roll-
ing far and deep,
When a clear and unexpected sound around us gently
rang,
As though a choir invisible its faintest anthem sang.
And we all observed from whence arose a requiem so
clear,
It was crystal touching crystal, in the trembling chan-
dalier ;
And though we could not see the hand that gave each
cunning stroke,
To the harp that newly played upon so tenderly
awoke,

* William R. Spackman.

Yet it sounded like rejoicing for the spirit of the
dead,
And all our painful musings in that happy moment
fled.
We consigned him to the keeping of the cold and
narrow grave,
And a new made widow sorrowed as she heard the
tempest rave ;
There was darkness in the heavens, there was snow
on sod and bough,
And I could but say, as I turned away, " The storms
will spare him now."

FLOWER LEAVES FROM EGGLESFIELD,

Suggested during a visit of the Harmony Social Circle to the banks of
Schuylkill.

The Maid and her Lover I bear,
Through the breeze, on the beautiful stream ;
And what may I safely presume to compare
With the rays through her lashes that beam ?

The hue and the smile of her lip,
The curl and the gloss of her locks ?
Oh ! is it not blissful, this fetterless trip
With you, 'mid the waters and rocks ?

Thy image is thrown on the wave,
With a beauty that cannot endure ;
But thy spirit in billows of azure will lave,
Unchanging, undying, and pure.

Thy songs unto me have been sweet
As the sound of the surge on the strand,
I will hear them again when the shadows retreat,
And the rock towers over the sand.

My little bark lay moored beside
The indented rock, that, gray and wide,
Rose massively above the tide,
In still and bleak solemnity.

I stood within a niche, out-hewed
By Nature, in the granite rude ;
I stood companionless, and viewed
A scene of gentlest purity.

Beyond the waters, soft and bright,
The wavering forest cheered my sight ;
A flush of vapoury western light
Illumed its sweet obscurity.

Faint laughter there, each zephyr stole,
And mellowed song, and bugle roll :
Like sounds from Heaven upon my soul
They came, and perished silently.

Love, Love, was in that fair retreat,
Young kindred hearts in concord beat,
And wondered why the hours so fleet
Passed onward to eternity.

Ye viewless forms of dreamy mould,
I ask you not for gems or gold ;
But that your wings my friends enfold,
And robe them in felicity.

The spirit of the flower uptorn,
Though doomed unceasingly to mourn,
May love to see young life adorn
Its kindred in vitality.

Come with me, thou languid one,
Upon the billows, rolling broad ;
Taintlessly sweeps over them
The gushing breath of Nature's God.

Thy young cheek its flow shall fan,
And freshly creep amid thy hair ;
Thou shalt deem that Hindoostan
Has hither flung her holiest air.

Ah ! she wanders not with me,
Another bears her from the shore ;
Lost, and lovely, must it be ?
Shall our spirits blend no more ?

SONG.

Assemble, followers of the light :

The chosen hour is nigh,

When victory shall crown the right,

And wrong and sorrow die.

A light breaks fair on shore and sea,

And all Earth's myriads shall be free.

There sounds the stirring onset blast,

There bursts a people's song ;

Their banners, to the sunshine cast,

Move merrily along.

A light, &c.

Where hatred and discordance reign

Remorseless over mind,

One tie alone, Love's golden chain,

All human hearts shall bind.

A light, &c.

Earth's principalities shall fall,
Her shrines of Death decay,
And grimly in delusion's hall
Oblivious shadow's lay.
A light, &c.

The deepest vales shall catch the smile
That robes the hills in bliss,
And Peace confer on wave and isle
Her soft meridian kiss.
A light, &c.

Then gather, followers of the light,
Assemble while ye may,
Bid farewell to the parting night,
Give welcome to the day.
A light breaks fair on shore and sea,
And all Earth's myriads shall be free.

TELL ME OF FLORIDA.

TO E. P. R.

Whose husband perished by the hands of the Seminoles during the
recent war.

Lady—thou hast been a pilgrim,
In the sunny Southern clime;
Thou hast culled the peerless blossoms
Down her vallies many a time!

Tell me of her waters, lighted
Through the swaying orange boughs,
While some bird in bending beauty
Through the flood her pathway ploughs.

Or of hearts that keep their valor,
When amid the whirlwind's sweep
Moves the phosphorescent palour,
Streaming in the stormy deep.

Of the old dismantled fortress
Frowning by Saint Augustine,
With its wall of shells half hidden
In a wilderness of green.

Whence of yore the warrior Spaniard
Hurled upon the Bucannier,
Through the battle's deepening tempest,
Fiery dart and ponderous spear.

Tell me of the stately palm trees,
Towering o'er a world of woods,
Where delicious fruits are teeming,
And the fragrant gum exudes.

Where repose the green savannas,
Trodden by the swarthy slave ;
Where the trailing vines pavillion
Indian maid and painted brave.

Ah ! thy spirit is not joyous,
When it journeys silent there ;
'Mid those fairy blooms and sunbeams
Fearful visions start and glare.

Sudden sounds appal thy hearing,
Vengeful forms flit darkly by,
And above a bleeding victim
Murder-whoops resound on high.

Yes : beneath the mossy verdure
Lies thy dearest treasure cold ;
Flora's mildest breath in music
O'er him soothingly is rolled.

Light through emeralds green for ever
Falls upon his peaceful bed,
And the sylphides of the wildwood
Round his pillow softly tread.

Be not sad, but kindly tell me
Of the realm where thou hast known
Light and darkness, joy and gladness,
Much that to the past hath flown.

THE IMPRISONED ABOLITIONISTS.

Brothers—bound in tyrant fetters,

Bear your wrongs and woes awhile:

Prophet-pens, in fiery letters,

Trace on Slavery's prison pile

Words of warning to the keeper,

Words of cheering to the weeper.

Bear ye up ! the floods are turning ;

Human hearts begin to feel ;

Freedom's signal fires are burning ;

Onward rolls the chariot wheel.

Dastard pleaders for oppression

Tremble at our bold aggression.

Fear ye not ; though fires descending

From on high ye may not see ;

Fear ye not ; though war-shouts blending

With the trump-notes of the free !

Bear you not the fearful omen

Of destruction to your foeman ?

Holier than avenging fires,
 Mightier than a freeman's brand,
Is the spirit that inspires,
 Guides, and animates our band.
'Tis no thirst of conquest gory—
Truth shall bear us on to glory.

Though immured, and chained, and plundered,
 Soon before yon bastile gates,
Truth's artillery shall have thundered,
 Shattering down their rusted grates ;
For the slave, and you, we cherish,
Heaven-born hopes that cannot perish.

LORD GUY'S TOWER.

There is a tower, a shattered tower,
 On ivied cliffs superbly throned ;
 Under its deepest dungeon walls,
 Through billow-excavated halls,
 The sea tides have for ages moaned.
 And wherefore does the storm-worn sail
 Avoid that beach and seek the sea ?
 Why quivers there the cloud-fire pale,
 While night winds and deep thunders wail,
 Like men in their dying agony ?

Of yore there was no prouder hold,
 In all the feudal realm around ;
 No palace trod by knights more bold ;
 No fairer gonfalones unwound,
 Than those high glittering near the crest
 Of that loved chief, who central stood,
 By warrior, serf, and kinsman blessed—
 Lord Guy, the valiant and the good.

Young, gentle-souled, and beautiful—
Spring winds come not with milder lull,
Than came from him sweet pity's sigh,
To suffering's plaint, or sorrow's cry.
His lip had only touched the bane
That conquers mercy with disdain.

If thou wouldst chain in torpor deep
The tenderness that bids thee weep ;
If thou to banishment wouldst doom
Thy kindly thoughts, like flowers that bloom ;
And if within thou wouldst create
A living storm of fiery hate—
Go ask, in that unhappy hour,
The boon of unrestricted power.

Vain, cold, derisive, and unjust,
Grew, step by step, the people's trust ;
Until, with tiger-foot, he trod
Their best hopes in a burial sod :
They groaned in prison-shades abhorred ;
They tilled the earth without reward ;
They saw the little children pine
Their lives out, in the sunless mine ;

And all their toil but served to swell,
The wealth their master loved so well.

The strongest bonds may rend at last,
The pent waves leap their barriers past,
And storms and whirlwinds, long suppressed,
At length in fire assail our rest.

The warder paced the bastion pave,
One eve, when fair the sunset gave
 Its sacred haze to vale and tower,
And streamed along the laughing wave.
A night of rest, a night of peace :
Each cloud a floating golden fleece,
Hung high in heaven's cerulian tree,
Whose starry fruit shone temptingly ;
Well might the warder wearied sink,
From founts in slumber's realm to drink.

A burst of fire ! a shout of death !

The rush of blood-polluted feet :
Up, warriors ! and rebellion's breath
 Our wave of chivalry shall meet.

Too late, too late the summons rang ;
The assailants to the chambers sprang ;
Death reveled in the frightful clang !
White robes and jewelled garments float
Upon the corpse-receiving moat ;
The fierce avengers neither spared
The rose-lipped, nor the silver-haired ;
But hurled the maid, the youth, the sire,
In reddened wave, or rolling fire ;
The conflagration widely roared,
The cloud ascending, darkly soared ;
Until, above the heights, there rose
No sound from ruin's black repose.

There stands that tower, that shattered tower,
In the stormy evening's wondrous light ;
No steed in the stall, no helm on the wall,
No beacon to flash through the reign of the night.
And the hovels of those who in vengeance arose,
Are the homes of the wolf and the hissing snake :
These are the fruits of the tyrant's boon,
To those who give it, and those who take.

THOUGHTS

INDUCED BY THE DEATH OF MATILDA S. HOFFMAN.

Fair Cousin—where art thou? I see thee no more :
 And the welcoming smiles that thy countenance wore,
 When we met in the days of my childhood of yore,
 Have vanished like vapours upon the sea shore.

The fruit blossoms wave in their fragrance on high,
 And flowerets of many a beautiful dye
 Are wafting their incense far up to the sky,
 And the smiles of the spring time would gladden thine
 eye.

Oh! come and behold them, when grass-blade and thorn,
 Are bathed in the glittering dew of the morn ;
 When the song of the bird on the zephyr is borne,
 And the loveliest robe of creation is worn.

I ask—but no answer responds to my call ;
 She has gone where the woes of the earth never fall.
 Where the heart is ne'er bound in cold misery's thrall.
 And glory and pleasure are bright over all.

The friend of thy bosom was mournful and lone,
And sad was the sound of thy infant's low moan,
But it heard in the far distant heavens thy tone,
And to thee, like a bird on the wing, it has flown.

When death, with his mandate relentless and dread,
Approaches the guilty, they quail at his tread ;
But fearlessly thou with that phantom hast fled,
Fair Cousin—smile on in the realms of the dead.

A SUMMER RAMBLE.

Upon a *fair mount*,
I heard a fair maid
Delighted recount
Every pleasure conveyed
To her eye, to her ear,
To her mind, like the burst
Of a scene that astonishes
Infancy first.
Vines on the cliff,
Founts in the beam,
Statues in shadow,
And *all* in the stream.
The waterfall's hymn,
With an eloquence soft,
Seemed gently to swim
To the bower aloft.
Before her the city,
Behind her the wood,

Above her the ether,
Below her the flood.
The forest was dying,
The city astir,
She was thinking of them,
I was thinking of her.
She was a stranger,
I was at home ;
How pleasant to point
To the bridge and the dome ;
Village and college,
Tower and square,
All that was curious,
All that was fair.
I announce the confession,
That what I looked o'er,
Made a brighter impression
Than ever before :
And if there I should walk
In the still eventide,
I shall sigh that Louisa,
Is far from my side.

HOW PLEASANT IT IS TO BE FREE !

How pleasant it is to be free.—

This morning my steed bore me out by the shore,
 Where I gazed on our beautiful Schuylkill once more ;
 I heard the enrapturing sound of the horn,
 O'er the waters that flashed in the light of the morn ;
 The green hills were shaded by wildest of bowers,
 And misty, and heavenly, and sprinkled with flowers ;
 And the sound of the bugle that echoed so clear,
 And the voice of the waters that sparkled so near,
 And the breeze that disheveled the robe of the tree,
 All murmured “ How pleasant it is to be Free.”

How pleasant it is to be Free.—

The bacchanal bowed in the chains of his vice :
 Consumed by its flame, or benumbed by its ice ;
 Despised, and dishonoured, and left in the dust,
 His greeting a curse, and his banquet a crust ;

Permitted alone in his madness to mope,
Uncheered by a friend, and unlit by a hope :
But his maniac eye, saw a banner on high,
And he rose with a loud Washingtonian cry,
And his strength, and his pride, were a marvel to see
As he shouted "How pleasant it is to be Free."

How pleasant it is to be Free.—

'There are millions of bondmen in Washington's land ;
God's children, scarred over with lash and with brand !
They have patiently laboured, and bled in our wars,
But our Eagle above them *rapaciously* soars :
Shall our Bibles and Eagles but darken and tear,
And the stars of our banner malignantly glare ?
No ! every dark slave must be chainless ; and then
Shall Ireland, and Poland, be chainless again ;
And the song of the people far over the sea,
Re-echo, "How pleasant it is to be Free."

How pleasant it is to be Free.—

Oh ! the bright days are coming when party and sect,
Shall dwindle and die of disuse and neglect ;

When the wars and the conflicts resembling so well,
The terrors remorsefully pictured of hell,
Subsiding and sleeping, shall everywhere leave,
For the whirlwinds of morning the zephyrs of eve ;
The People shall rise, undivided and wise,
To bask in the Liberty-light of the skies ;
And the Earth shall resound to the wide jubilee,
How glorious, " How pleasant it is to be Free."

THE FALSE STRANGER'S ADIEU.

Fare thee well: our dreams are past:
 They were bright, nor more could last
 Than sweet flowers torn by angry blast,
 And on the dusty highway cast.
 I have made unmeaning vows,
 Knowing not how false they were;
 As the winter's hand endows
 Icy hills with sculpture fair,
 That only shines to perish there.

Oft and sadly will I think
 Of that foaming torrent's brink,
 Where thy soft hand formed the link,
 Whence methought I ne'er could shrink.
 When the starry lamps are hung
 In yon heavenly bowers on high,
 And the forest harps, unstrung,
 Cease amid the leaves to sigh;
 Then wilt thou be hovering nigh.

As upon the lake's clear tide
We together loved to glide,
Thou shalt linger at my side,
Linger there perhaps to chide.
Canst thou, wilt thou, chide or hate
Him who seeks to injure none?
Or discern imperious fate
In whatever Time hath done?
He who deems that every one
Is but a mote that flits in shade or sun.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

The restless winds moan o'er the hill ;
They heed no joy, they heed no ill :
But fitfully they sweep along,
And sing their wild unmeasured song.
They prompt the gloomy thought to rise,
That nought is fair beneath the skies :
That every earthly thing is dark,
As waves that heave the shattered bark ;
That friends are false, that joys are flown,
That we are wanderers, lost and lone.
But lift the latch and gaze abroad ;
Thy spirit shall be cheered, though awed.
For high above, unnumbered orbs

Dispense their glimmering radiance far,
And heaven's high vault the soul absorbs,

Which longs to float o'er every star.

E'en the dark earth, that seems so vain,

Will yet present her vales of green,

And priceless rods of golden grain

The untiring harvester may glean ;
And he who roams the arid strand,
Behold fair shells upon the sand.

'Though snowy shroud the earth conceal,
She wears the stamp of beauty's seal.

I've glided o'er the path of snow,

When whistling winds around us blew ;
And what the shivering wanderer knew,
Our hearts were all too glad to know.

The over-arching boughs of oak,

With icy pearls were garnished o'er,
And frozen diamonds brightly broke

The shadows which the pine trees wore.
The willow branches drooping low,

Like pensile wires of silver seemed,
From tree, and turf, and stone the glow
Of countless scintillations streamed.

And o'er this scene of frost-born pride

The full-moon rolled resplendent on ;
High over hill, and spire, and tide,

More lovely than the morning's dawn.

And lustrous eyes more brightly glanced,
And dancing hearts more gaily danced,
And smiles, and songs, and laughter made
 The light of joy around us shine,
And forms in beauty's spell arrayed
 Subdued me to a trance benign.
Oh! there was one whose placid eye
 Revealed the heaven that dwelt within,
The pure, clear ray that burns on high,
 Yet sometimes lights a world of sin.
Though some in pathless shades may grope,
 To him whose eye shall rest on thee,
A fairy scene of light and hope
 The wildest hour of storms may be.
And if the gale of that dark hour
Shall bend thee, fairest, palest flower,
If hearts that love thee now shall grow
Regardless of thy bliss or woe,
Sweet memory shall restore the glow,
 The light, the joy so undeceiving,
When gliding gaily o'er the snow
 We knew not of distress or grieving.

PAUL ON MARS' HILL.

A torch-light in the Athenian gloom :
A warrior—yet no blade or plume :
A city listening : unto whom ?

The blinded crowds are threading less
Their populated wilderness ;
Around Mars' Hill the myriads press.

From stranger lips strange words they hear,
And answer with deriding jeer ;
Though some there are who drop the tear.

Their loved delusions are exposed,
Their shrines assailed, their fraud disclosed :
No hypocritic tongue hath glosed.

The seed is down, and to the skies
A broad and beauteous tree shall rise—
The shelter of the good and wise.

My brother—many an Athens now
In midnight rears the marble brow ;
Arise, and boldly battle, thou.

The wretched send their mute appeal ;
Up! if thy bosom be not steel ;
And make our hateful systems reel.

And through the deepest wrong and ill,
Faint never, but remember still
The Apostle-Hero on Mars' Hill.

THE LOVER IN SPRING.

Come, my dearest—let us go
 Where all the dells are newly green,
 Where the waters dash and flow
 So brightly to the distant scene.

Glorious forms may haunt bright halls,
 And revel in the midnight dance,
 Where the gladdest music thralls
 The gay heart in its fleeting trance.

Dearer far to us the spell,
 That in the greenwood lingering lives
 Oh! the rapture who can tell,
 That Nature to her children gives.

Birds and west winds are at play,
 Low breathing out their rival songs;
 We will be as glad as they,
 Happier than assembled throngs.

Buds are bursting from the tree,
And flower to flower its love reveals,
Thus I'll love and worship thee,
While this warm heart throbs and feels.

Clasp thy hand in mine once more,
And turn on mine thy kind dark eyes ;
We'll together tread the shore
Which far along the dream-land lies.

Then I'll ask, if heaven be there,
That when in death's long rest we lie
Never parted, we both may share
Woe, oblivion, or the sky.

THE SLAVE GIRL'S LAMENT.

Oh! Afric, loved Afric, I pine to behold
 Thy balm-breathing, spice-scented vallies once more
 Where oft in the earliest morning I've strolled,
 With the zephyr that played on the Camerone's
 shore.

A stranger to gloomy and sorrowful thought,
 With a fluttering spirit untutored to grieve,
 Every feeling and wish its own happiness brought
 As I danced in the morning, or carolled at eve .

The plantain and pomegranate fell to the sod,
 The citron tree freighted the air with perfume,
 And scattered its blossoms profusely abroad,
 Like jewels of light in the shadowing gloom.

The lizard and changeful chameleon reposed
 In the sunshine that warmed the dark rocks of the
 vale,

While vistas through tamarind and myrrh trees disclosed

The antelope bounding like bark in the gale.

And well I remember that scene of delight,

When last I reclined by the hut of my sire ;

The long shadows told of the swift coming night,

And the cloud-castles floated, their turrets on fire.

My arms with the gold of Melinda were bound,

The plume of the desert-bird waved o'er my brow,

And the strings of the korro breathed melody round,

As I touched them and whispered my languishing
vow.

The teeth of the leopard, a necklace of white,

Shed round me a potent and mystical charm,

Impervious to phantom, or demon, or sprite,

And shielding my life from dismay and alarm.

The black eagle soared through the vanishing glow,

The tiger was howling afar in the shade ;

And coiled in the path of his light-footed foe,

The dread anaconda was dimly betrayed.

But poisonous serpent, or beast of the dell,
Or bird of the mountain, or spirit of ill,
Were harmless to me as the accents that fell
From the lips of my parents with musical thrill.

A foe more relentless and fearful than all
Was screened in the verdure that grew by my side,
He came as the lightning to sear and appal,
And my father—my brother—defending me, died.

'Twas the men of the Ocean, the dealers in blood :
My brain was consuming, my heart strings were torn,
As they bore me away to the wide foaming flood,
Unheeded, unpitied, to languish and mourn.

The light golden bracelets untarnished by rust
Were gone—but the cold iron fetters were there,
And the plant that corrodes them to ashes and dust,
Bloomed far, far away in my own native air.

The hold of that vessel! what tongue shall proclaim,
The terrors concealed by its damp wooden walls?
The agonized groaning, the hell-lighted flame,
That tortures the soul, and the spirit enthralls.

'The slow waning day seemed eternal to me,
As tossed on the mountainous surges we rode,
But we floated at last to the Land of the Free,
The wanderer's asylum, the exile's abode;

Where the star spangled banner is lifted on high,
And Freedom her work of perfection has done ;
Where the page of the Bible unveils every eye,
And the light of the Gospel out-dazzles the sun.

But alas ! when I came to your welcoming strand,
I was bartered and sold like a brute of the stall ;
Your religion, your freedom, restrain not the hand
Or the lash of the driver as red'ning they fall.

Oh ! Afric, loved Afric, I die to behold
Thy balm-breathing, spice-scented vallies once more,
Where oft in the earliest morning I've strolled,
With the zephyr that played on the Camerone's
shore.

DAY-BREAK AND THE DEAD.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM MASTER.

'Tis morning again, but he will not wake,
 To see the day in its beauty break ;
 'Tis morning again, but he will not rise
 To move where the spring-gale freshly sighs ;
 'Tis morning again, but he will not go
 To rend the fetter, or soothe the woe ;
 To smile on the poor, to comfort the sad,
 To make the sorrowing hearted glad.
 To do whatever the righteous may,
 In his unpretending, quiet way.
 With tenderest hands we have sought to shield
 His bosom from wounds that never have heal'd ;
 We have waited, and watched, and bent above
 His reverend form with the care of love.
 Essaying to lengthen the life that fast
 Was fading into the mournful past.

But profitless all, and idle, and vain,
The blow is given, the victim slain,
The weary one hath obtained release,
Father, farewell—repose thee in peace.

SERENADE.

'Tis not that thy forehead is wond'rously fair,
 Though white as the flower of the hawthorne it be ;
 'Tis not that the hue of thy soft wreathing hair
 Is darker than grottos far down in the sea.
 'Tis not that thine eye is expression's abode,
 A gem of ineffable light ;
 'Tis not that the red on thy cheek overspread
 Doth appear so unfadingly bright.

It is not for these that to me thou art dear ;
 For there's many an elegant form that enshrines
 A spirit untouched by infirmity's tear,
 Congealed in the brilliance that over it shines.
 'That revels in pleasure forgetfully free,
 Nor weeps with the many who weep ;
 But scornfully gay, in the dance or the play,
 Grieves not o'er their misery deep.

But thou hast a sigh for the wretched and low,
A spirit as heavenly and fair as thy form ;
Thou speedest away through the blast and the snow,
Though dreading the darkness, or chilled in the
storm ;

Thy pleading is heard for the lost and the poor,
Who wander alone in the world ;
There's life in thy tone, like a bugle note blown,
Where the banner of right is unfurled.

These, these are the charms that allure me to thee ;
And alone while the moon-light is mantling on high,
And the blossoms fall down from the Paradise tree,
I sing thee a song, and I breathe thee a sigh.
Serene be thy sleep, till the pencil of morn
Shall tint all the vapours and groves,
And dewy-winged birds, in their own happy words,
Are repeating their innocent loves.

PRETTY CHILD.

Oh, return, pretty child, to the home

Where you slumbered securely all night ;

Wander not to the mountains so blue and so broad,

That alluringly rise on your sight.

For though beauty may seem, to present like a dream

Her pavillions and palaces clear,

You will find every temple of light but a tomb,

Every far-flashing diamond a tear.

I have roamed, pretty child, far and near,

With my heart bounding light as the bark,

Little dreaming that I should at last only be

But a leaflet, to fall in the dark.

For though beauty may seem, to present like a dream,

Her pavilions and palaces clear,

I have found every temple of light but a tomb,

Every far-flashing diamond a tear.

MY FRIEND IS A BRIDE.

My friend is a bride ;
 And I'll sing to her again ;
 I delight in serenading her,
 And why should I refrain ?
 The little waves are dancing
 To the tune the warblers play ;
 And joyously our melody
 Shall float to her away.

My friend is a bride ;
 And the blossoms of the glade
 Will afford as bright a garlanding
 As ever yet was made :
 To rest upon her forehead,
 And entwine amid her hair,
 While pleasantly and cheeringly
 Their odours soothe the air.

My friend is a bride ;
And the world to her is clad
In a beauty, never visiting
The sinful and sad.
'Tis gentleness and kindness
Ever living in her breast,
That radiate and decorate,
Wherever she may rest.

My friend is a bride :
May her chosen one remain
Ever lovingly, by Sally's side,
Through happiness and pain.
Beneath the skies of morning,
At the shine of evening's dew,
In sympathy and constancy,
Your love as Truth be true.

A REVERIE OF THE FALLEN.

I would have had an eye as bright
 As ever flashed to fancy's glow ;
I would have had a heart as bright
 As young leaf on the missletoe.

I would have been most true to one
 Whose sparkling eye might answer mine,
Whose smiling, when my toils were done,
 Should light me with a glow divine.

I would have lifted up, and cheered
 The victim of perfidious guile,
And deemed it heaven if there appeared,
 On wretched lips, their long lost smile.

I would have dared alone to stand,
 Undauntedly, on Freedom's side,
Though recreants in my Father Land
 Her truth resisted and denied.

I would have been to passion's rage
 'The pier that hurls the billow back,
And on my heart's unshadowed page
 Have chronicled no dark attack.

I would have been what I so oft
 Have moulded in my early dreams ;
The seraph sailing far aloft,
 The stainless spirit of pure streams.

I would have been what I am not,
 And what, alas ! I cannot be ;
There is a blighting, and a blot
 Controlling, and destroying me.

I would, ere this, have sought to die,
 But 'tis at best a coward thought ;
I'll brave existence, and defy
 The misery my deeds have wrought.

SONG.

TO M. A. T.—SALEM, NEW JERSEY.

Listen, while I sing to thee,
Merry Molly, laughing Molly,
Near thee I would ever be,
Merry, merry Molly.
Sorrow never clouds thy heart,
Lightly, gaily throbbing;
In thine eye the tears that start
Are not tears of sobbing.

Where another gloom would see,
Merry Molly, laughing Molly,
Nothing dost thou find but glee,
Merry, merry Molly.
Though a doleful wight am I,
Often sighing sadly,
Never do I meet thine eye,
But my heart beats gladly.

Mischief makes thee gay and free,
Merry Molly, laughing Molly,
Those who seek for mirth should flee
To merry, merry Molly.
Always laughing when we meet,
Laughing when we sever,
Oh! may flowers surround thy feet,
Sunbeams light thee ever.

AN APPEAL TO THE TEMPERANCE HOST.

Oh! holier far is our crusade,
 Than that of olden time, which made
 The sacred shores of Palestine
 Drink deep of stains more red than wine—
 When swooping on that pilgrim land,
 The “Red Cross Knights” impetuous came,
 Waging, with unrelenting hand,
 An impious war of crime and shame—
 When in the onset’s mad’ning yell,
 Foe rushed on furious foe,
 And Moslem and Crusader fell
 Beneath the avenging blow.
 Oh! ’tis not thus *our* war cry rings,
 Not thus *our* standards spread their wings,
 But like the warbled song that stirs
 The echoes in melodious chants,
 From green Canary’s waving firs,
 Borne to the listening mariners
 Who sail around those lonely haunts :—

Our words are soothing to the ear,
And e'en the heartless pause to hear ;
Our watchword is the Truth alone,
And Love pervades each thrilling tone.
We bear no sword of carnal might
To brandish in the ensanguined fight,
Where all is blooming fair and gay ;
No desolated fields betray
The havoc of our onward way.
No verdure withers where we tread,
 No cities to the torch we give,
No mangled heaps of ghastly dead
 Have cursed us as they ceased to live.
But over misery's fruitless soil
 Sterile, and parched, and blighted all ;
The flowers of hope and joy shall smile
 Where'er our friendly footsteps fall.
Where pestilential vapors hung,
 More deadly than sirocco blast,
Our breathings move their shades among
In tones, like harp by angels strung,
 And sweep their murky volumes past.

To rescue proud and meek we go,
—The conquering passion's slave,—
Both shall our kindly influence know,
For both we strive to save;
In life, and death, from shame and woe,
And ignominious grave.

Shall torpor rest on all around,
Nor cry of gathering men resound ?
Or shall one glorious anthem ring—
Awakening adamantine souls
From their unhallowed slumbering
As wild and far our signal rolls :—
Aye! from yon granite mountain's side,
Where many a crystal streamlet drips
Deep through the winding vale to glide,
And cool the thirst of freemen's lips ;
From the green western wilderness
Resounding to the woodman's stroke,
Where, through th' untrodden loneliness,
The pioneer has blithely broke :
From boundless lakes, where morning melts
The mist that hides their silvery sheen ;

From mountain heights, where cloudy belts

Enwrap the snows, their folds between ;

From every spot, where fearless thought

Dare answer our proud bugle tone,

'The warriors throng, in troops along,

Obedient when the blast is blown.

'Tis not alone the grey-haired sire

Whom wisdom and experience guides ;

In other hearts the pure desire

Of human happiness resides,

For cheeks of glowing carmine hue,

And eyes with ardor beaming through,

And hearts with all the fire of youth

Are rallying to the ranks of truth.

Brave soldiers! fearless may you be!

When the wild storm around you roars ;

And on the helmets of the free,

The blackening cloud its fury pours.

And guided by that light divine,

'That burns upon the bosom's shrine ;

Tread the undeviating line

That leads to happier days ;

When heartless power shall disappear,
And haughty foes no longer sneer ;
When, mantling on your just career,
 The light of victory plays.
For from the bold and fearless few,
 Whose hands our banner first unfurled,
Have grown a million patriots true,
 Who seek the welfare of the world.

'Though woman's consecrating smile,
Like sunshine, gilds our path the while,
Calls back the spirit that recedes
And cheers us on to glorious deeds.
Yet, 'tis but true, that we have been
 Like gallant ships in northern seas,
By circling ice-bergs compassed in,
 Unaided by the favoring breeze.
But when the Day-God's powerful beam,
Shall on the icy barrier stream,
Dissolving all its bleak array,
 And ushering in the blast ;

The vessel, through the opening way,
 Must ride in triumph past.
Thus, every unsubstantial wall,
Like that of olden time, shall fall
At our loud-pealing trumpet call.
No more within the dreary vale—
 Adders and thorns around our feet,
With scowling fiends and phantoms pale—
 Discord and darkness shall we meet ;
But up the alluring hills of light
 We tread a path-way fair and broad
That leads to bowers of pure delight,
To beauteous seraphs robed in white,
That glimmer faintly on our sight
 With flowers and music, smiles and God.
If weary when the light of day
 Is fading in the far-off west,
And the pale moon-beams softly play,
 And silence deep invites to rest !
Then sleep—and when the spirit soars,
 Leaving the mortal portion here,
May every realm, its flight explores,
 But tranquillize, refresh and cheer.

But when the morning light you see,
Bind with new faith your armor on ;
Then soon, the Inebriate shall be
A man ! unfettered ! glad and free !
Your task performed—your victory won.

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF RUDOLPH JUSTICE.

'The winter winds are moaning wild,
 As some deserted orphan child.
 'The traveller—for the night is cold—
 Is muffling close his mantle's fold,
 And hastening on his lonely path
 To meet the eddy night-wind's wrath.
 And I am sad—my spirit keeps
 Its watch, while many a mortal sleeps—
 Sleeps—all unconscious of the cares
 That throng this vale of mist and snares.
 Yes, I am sad ; for in my ear
 A low and whispering voice I hear—
 It tells me that a stainless soul
 Has winged afar its viewless flight
 To that celestial, blissful goal,
 Where beams of pure and quenchless light
 Illume a land where mortal gaze
 Would, blinded, shrink before its blaze.

And who would *not* be sad to hear

The word my ear has heard but now ?

Who would not breathe a sigh sincere,

Or shed for thee a tribute tear,

Oh, Rudolph, of the gentle brow.

Would that our erring feet might tread

A path as innocent as thine ;

Where virtue and benevolence

Clothed every feeling, every sense,

That knelt before their sainted shrine.

Friend of the poor and fainting slave,

Young as thou wert, thy presence gave

A cheering faith to those who toil

To loosen dark oppression's coil ;

And when commingling they shall meet,

All trembling will the warm heart beat,

To think that thou no more art nigh,

With thoughtful look and tranquil eye.

And yet—depart : thy way is clear—

And he who would arrest thy wing,

And bind thee to a world so drear,

Must lightly prize that Heavenly sphere,

Where Seraph's harps are murmuring.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER.

Having known something of absence from home, I can, at least partially, understand your anticipation of a return to the Old Granite State. I hope you will not be disappointed, but that

“When the may-flowers come again,”

You will see those hills of green,
Where your native haunts retain

All that renders life serene ;
Other scenes may tempt in vain,
“When the may-flowers come again.”

Though New Hampshire rocks be rude,

Clustering over them I wean
Tender flowers, the fairest hues

In the spring time may be seen ;
Then you'll hear the wild bird's strain,
“When the may-flowers come again.”

When your own dear village lies

Rudely rising hills between,

'Though you look on colder skies,
 Budding boughs shall intervene ;
'Then you'll roam, nor dream of pain
"When the may-flowers come again."

Southern friends shall oft recall
 Mary's words and cheerful mien,
While the holiest tears shall fall
 Where her brightening smiles have been ;
Must they sigh for her in vain
"When the may-flowers come again ?"

THE ROSEBUD,

OR ALBIN AND EDA.

Read not my story in the day ;
 But when the summer moon is high,
 And full, and bright, her spectral light
 Silvery on the page shall lie ;
 Hie thee away to the Ivy glen,
 And read it stealthily there and then.

Albin trod the wintry shore :

'The wintry waves were tossing grand ;
 Day-light and despair were o'er,
 He saw the star-bright realm expand,
 In its still immensity,
 Over the dark, unquiet sea.
 'The boughs on the shore, in crystal mail,
 Battled and bent to the icy gale ;
 His cheek was chilled by the passing gust,
 And trampled his feet through a shining crust ;

Yet onward he passed while the wave and the limb
Blended their ominous songs for him.
He thought of the smile, the mirth, the tear,
In the love-pervaded atmosphere,
Hallowing ever the home that made
The rover a vassal wherever he strayed.
Oh ! what was the power that lured him away
From the home of his heart, or the halls of the gay,
And led him afar while his brothers slept,
Where the flood complained and the sea-air swept ?
With a lonely heart, and an aching eye,
And a soul that longed from the earth to fly,
He thought of a being more loved and bright
Than flowers of the day, or the planets of night :
But she dwelt in the midst of another scene,
And danger and distance were between.
He strove to extinguish the burning thought
That every wish of his soul had caught ;
Wild was the strife, but only vain ;
Closer wound the hidden chain,
And farther, and more hastily
Roamed he by the dashing sea.

Calling up the shrouded past—

The battle-field of his strange life ;
Where good and ill their hues had cast,

Waging an eventful strife.

From very childhood's morning time,

The dark solicitings of crime,

Wrote upon his restless brow

What more plainly stamped it now.

But his thoughts and deeds would make thee grieve ;

Therefore I rehearse them not :

Alas ! the seemingly pure may deceive,

And danger lurk in the fairest grot.

Loftier now were his designs,

Purer, better dreams, his own :

Lovelier is the light that shines

Where destroying storms have blown.

Now, within his bosom, one

Held supremacy alone.

Keeping cadence with his tread,

Low and musingly he said :

“If this worn spirit were so pure,

That unto thee at any hour,

It might depart o'er wave and moor,
Like fire-fly to the dew-hung flower ;
The fleet-winged visitant should go
Rejoicingly thy smile to meet,
And hovering near in bliss or woe,
Attend thee where "still waters" flow,
And vernal pastures woo thy feet.
Words like thine should only be
Responded to in poesy.
But even if glowing words could well
Express what I may never tell ;
And each returning word of thine
Should bear to me a thought divine ;
It would not be like that sweet time
When hand is pressed in kindly hand.
When eye meets eye, and whispers chime,
Like bells in the towers of fairy land.
Oh ! thus to turn from the world away,
When every thing in the world is dull,
Thy beautiful thoughts to hear thee say,
And sink awhile in a dreamy lull,
Is more to me than earth, and all
The casual joys of years that fall,

Assuaging life's embittered thrall.
Back to the time, and away to the place,
Wherein I first beheld thy face,
The beam of thy dark eye bears me on,
Fleet and free as a shaft in the sun.
There the grassy hill-side slopes
 To where the meadow flowers are still,
And out of the little spring-house gropes,
 With infant laugh, the bubbling rill.
And over the mossed roof and the spring,
The vast old trees their shadows fling.
The loneliness around is such,
I could but prize and love it much ;
And all the more when thou wert near,
With step so blithe, and tone so clear.
Thou art no longer there nor here ;
 For with the forms that glance and trip,
When the twilight shades appear,
 Thou holdest sweet companionship ;
And phantoms that lurk in gleaming caves,
And make the children of earth their slaves,
Can but hail thee as their mate,
Their equal and associate.

And though I know thou lov'st me well,
Never can my nature blend
With one like thine, which doth excel
All our shadowed earth may lend :
Yet thou art to me a friend,
A light, a hope, a rising star,
Ever clear, and ever seen
O'er the dismal waves afar.
Oh ! how lost were all my pain,
Could I clasp thee once again !”

He looked with a sigh o'er the distant deep ;
Vaguely and dim a sail appeared :
He stood on a rock and saw it sweep,
Fast as the winds and the tide careered,
Straight to the spot whereon he stood ;
’Till up by the rock with a curve it came,
And he leaped on the deck in a daring mood,
For he fancied a voice had breathed his name.
But all on the vessel was still as the grave :
Not a voyager there, or a seaman brave,
To the hapless rover a welcome gave.

Pale, he leaned against a mast,
Fiercely came the midnight blast,
And billows rumbling, darkly passed.
But he looked to the head of the ship, and there,
Flashingly, rested a solitaire,
A will-o-the-whisp, or an elfin lamp :
It wavered not in the spray so damp,
'That dashing aloft from the speedy prow,
Came showering cold on his hand and brow.
Whatever the light could be, he felt
'The doubt, the fear, and the darkness melt,
And a glorious faith infused the charm
That soothed his bosom and nerved his arm.
A shore ! a shore ! a garden scene,
Rises over waves serene,
Bathed in more than sunny sheen.
A radiance new, but very fair :
Such as you, when looking through
Cathedral glass of peerless hue,
See the landscape round you wear.
Moored beside that pleasant shore,
He remembered not the roar
Of the loud tornado's breath ;

Heard the billows rave no more,
Uttered not a "Prayer for Death."
Where was now the drifted snow?
'Twas only seen in the bloom of trees :
And the spring-like air had a clearer glow
Than lights the vales of the Pyrenees.
The beach he gained, and a path he trod,
To a hill by many a mansion crowned ;
Insects gleamed in the mossy sod,
And filled the air with a musical sound ;
While thousands of butterflies, golden and blue,
Sportively over his path-way flew.
Opening blossoms waved and shook,
High on the crag, or down by the brook,
And flowered the jessamine and violet,
Enameling this delicious islet.
Willows were drooping, and lilies in bloom,
Whiter than marble adorning the tomb ;
More fairly unfolding, than ever a moulding,
Or carving, or sculpture, in temples stored ;
In the tinyest part, more perfect than art,
And pure as the soul of the maid he adored.

The maid he adored—ah ! where was she ?

The very brightness grew less fair,
And keen was the pain, piercing his brain,

To think that his Eda might not be there ;
But a white hand first from a window waved,

Then a well-known face in the door-way beaming,
Features long on his heart engraved,

Smiling lips, and dark eyes gleaming,
Enriched his soul with a joy that none,

Save those who love, can ever feel ;
And trebly prized and dear to the one

Who must away in the darkness steal.
Because forbidden to be so true,
More sweet is the stolen interview.

His hand she folded in her own,

And led him away to a sombre hall ;
Flowers under their feet were strown,

And twined against the pictured wall :
Visible in the self same light

That burned on the vessel's prow so bright.

Through her night-black hair he saw it glow,
Seeming like the rays that show

Through a dark-pine grove when the sun is low.

He told her a secret there—the worst,
And darkest he had ever nursed.
Deeply she loved ; but 'twas too much ;
She shrank away from his sinful touch :
He beheld her reel and pant,
And then become like adamant :
Stony, death-like—yet her eyes
Lighted with a sad surprise.
He felt as doomed and hopeless then,
As murder-stained and captive men :
She saw the suffering in his face,
And soothed him with a kind embrace :
Breathed a warm sigh on his lips,
And touched his lids with her finger tips.
'They closed, and the tears of long ago,
Gushed to the light in a sudden flow.
His lips were parted, and o'er his frame,
A change, a pallid coldness came.
“ Albin—look abroad ; and say
What thou see'st of sad or gay.”

“ Best and dearest Eda—
Pleasant is the view ;

I only see a shapely tree,
Flowering in the dew."

"Albin—look again, and say
What thou see'st of sad or gay."

"Best and dearest Eda—
Night is coming fast;
I only see a blighted tree,
Bending in the blast."

"Albin—look once more ; and say
What thou see'st of sad or gay."

"Best and dearest Eda—
Dizzy grows my brain ;
I only see a fallen tree,
Crumbling on the plain."

"One of three, shalt thou be,
Blooming, seared, or prostrate tree ;
Thyself thine only enemy.

For mortal harm shall scathe thee never,

While this Rose Bud fails to die ;
Vain shall be thy foe's endeavour,
If its magic leaves be nigh.

Take it: flame, and steel, and flood,
Are subject to the enchanted bud.

Shielding thee, it long shall prove
How constant is my hopeless love."

One thrilling kiss upon his brow—

Lady, Hall, and Isle are gone.

He stood alone, he knew not how,

While the wintry morning sun
Streamed upon the snowy shore,
Where he roamed the night before.

He has often wandered since,

Where the boldest well might wince ;

By serpent's lair, and leopard's den,

O'er deadlier fields of warring men :

But the hurrying ball, the sweeping chain,

And the point of the bayonet, all are vain.

For his green and crimson talisman,

Shelters him from blow and ban.

She who gave it, lost and dear,

Exiled from her own bright sphere,

Unheard, unseen, is lingering near.

When Albin is sad, she bends and weeps,

Over his soul's unlighted deeps ;

When Albin is glad, her gentle smile

Mocks the light of a southern isle :

For though he looks to her alone,
 'There are times,
When earth and night allure their own,
 'To olden crimes.
He sorrows and resign'dly waits,
 Till bud and life shall droop and wilt ;
And he beyond the death-dark gates,
 Shall triumph over every guilt,
Nor longer bound in spirit, lift
His brow for its eternal gift.
Knowing well that sainted there,
Grieving not, and wondrous fair ;
In the union here denied,
Lover and Loved shall be allied,
And Albin clasp his Deathless Bride.

THE
CHAPLET,
A
Collection of Poems,

BY



"And ever as he went, some thoughtful note he sung."

EDITED BY

REV. HENRY D. MOORE.

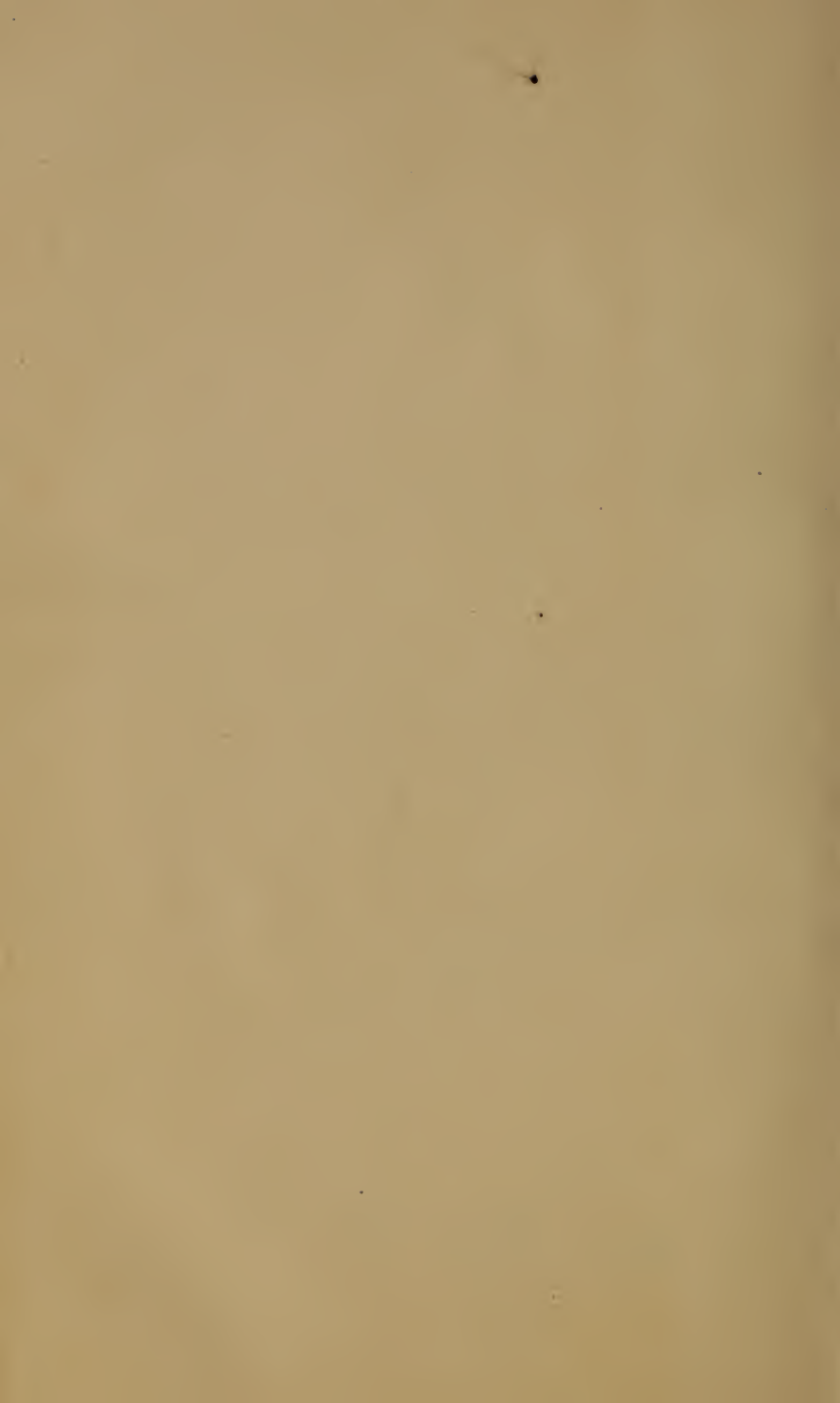
C. A. BROWN & CO.,

N.W. CORNER OF FOURTH & ARCH STREETS,

PHILADELPHIA.

C 32 89

W





Decidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date:



PRESERVATION TECHNOLOGIES, L.P.
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 15066

DEC

19



